

Hook, Line, and Sinker

by BoNora4ever

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Summary: In this just-for-fun, plot-less piece, Bo and Nora find romance and adventure on a fishing trip to the Outer Banks of North Carolina.

1. Chapter 1 - From Brochure To Reality

****Chapter One****

From Brochure To Reality****

"_I'm gonna take you fishing!" _

Bo grinned remembering Nora's words as he tucked the fishing brochure into his suitcase. Last Christmas, and their first Christmas together in ten years, had been dubbed "the year of the brochures". Bo had given Nora a brochure with a promise of some ballroom dancing...he had received one for a fishing trip. Spring had finally arrived, his bag was packed, and he was more than ready to go.

Nora dashed into the bedroom wearing an excited smile, "Look! I found it!"

"I can't believe you still have that thing," Bo exclaimed. "When have you been fishing in the last ten years?"

"Well, I haven't been, but...there were just some things I just couldn't bear to get rid of, and thisâ€¦" she said holding up her fishing vest, "...was one of them. Look! Everything is still here...the little tweezers and the little scissors andâ€¦"

"Yes, I know, honey," Bo grinned, "I remember all the 'little' items. I'm glad you found it. Now...how are you doing with your packing?" he asked trying to keep her focused.

"Great, actually. This is the last thing I was looking for. Can you

pack it with your gear? But don't put it next to anything with fish scales or anything on it...I don't want it dirty or smelling fishyâ€|"

Bo rolled his eyes and chuckled as he packed the vest into his bag.

"What?!" Nora asked.

"Nothing!"

"You'd better be nice to me, Bo Buchanan, if you expect anything other than fishing on this trip," she teased.

"I didn't say a word!" he said, defending himself, "...and yes...as a matter of fact, I am looking forward to...sinking more than a line in the water...if you know what I mean," he said raising a brow as he zipped the bag.

Their eyes met and she went into his arms. "I'm looking forward to some of that myself," she murmured quietly. She kissed him deeply, then placed a hand on his cheek. "After all these stressful months, I can't wait for us to have this time to ourselves. Will you promise me that we won't talk about anything Llanview? I just want to leave it all behind and enjoy each other...promise me...no talking of work or family or problems...promise? Just you and me, okay?" she asked looking into his eyes.

He drew her close and murmured in his best Bogie accent, "Here's looking at you, kid. Just you and me...I promise."

Nora, remembering Casablanca, replied, "Kiss me. Kiss me as if it were the last timeâ€|"

He smiled as he held her tight. Then her mouth melted beneath his as he complied.

****Coming up...*_**A Smiling Moon**_**

2. Chapter 2 - A Smiling Moon

****Chapter Two****

A Smiling Moon****

Bo turned the key in the cottage lock. "Here we are, Red. Home sweet home for the next few days..."

He opened the door to let Nora enter and followed her with their bags. They glanced around.

"It's cute!" Nora exclaimed, "...And so cozy...perfect..." she finished, turning around to give him a smile.

Bo deposited the suitcases by the door so they could explore further. The cottage was small...one room and a bath...with hardwood floors and scattered rag rugs throughout. A kitchenette ran along one wall with a nook for eating beside a window. There was a couch, coffee table, and a few overstuffed chairs arranged in the center of the

room in front of a small stone fireplace. The bed was on the opposite wall between two bedside tables. The cottage was not frilly, but comfortable and clean. It had a small porch, beachfront, with a hammock and a couple of rockers.

They stood on the porch and took in the view...beyond the beach grasses and their sandy front yard spread the blue Atlantic, in her glory, white surf crashing to the shore.

Bo wrapped his arms around Nora's waist as they took in the view. "Welcome home, honey," he whispered, squeezing her tight.

* * *

><p>After exploring their accommodations, they went to the nearest town for dinner. They had burgers at a pub called The Blue Pelican, then stopped to pick up a few supplies and snacks before returning to the cottage.

Bo put the food away as Nora looked out the window. "It's a nice night for a walk on the beach. Want to?"

"Love to, honey...just let me put this wine in to chill for later."

Moments later, as they strolled along the beach, Bo talked of their itinerary for the next few days. He talked of the fishing, of course, and of some local restaurants he'd like to try...perhaps going to a lighthouse or visiting Kitty Hawk where the Wright Brothers flew.

They continued walking, arms around each other, surf rolling over their feet, but Bo soon noticed that he was doing all of the talking. Nora walked beside him in silence.

He looked at her. "Red? You with me?"

She turned to him, startled. "Hmmm? What?...What did you say? I'm sorryâ€|"

"You're not breaking our rule are you? We agreed 'no thinking of Llanview or any of it's inhabitants' while we're here."

"And I'm not," Nora assured him with a sideways glance.

"Well...something's on your mind. You seem a million miles awayâ€|"

She turned to face him wrapping her arms around his neck. "Well...I'm not a million miles away," she said softly, "I'm right here with you...just enjoying the moment...thinking about...how perfect it feels to walk beside you here at the edge of the world...all alone...just the two of us...the sea breeze...the waves rolling over our feet...and that moon hanging thereâ€|"

Bo glanced up at the crescent moon. "That moon," Bo nodded, "...is smiling at us. See that, Red?"

She gazed up at the smiling crescent. "It is! So...what do you

suppose it's smiling about?" she asked, looking back at Bo.

"Well...I'm not sure," he began quietly, "but...it's probably reading my mind," he answered, drawing her close.

She smiled back and raised a brow. "And...what's on your mind, Commissioner?" she asked, toying with his shirt buttons.

He pulled her closer and kissed her, "That little cottage for two," he breathed, close to her lips, "and that bottle of wine I left chilling," he whispered, kissing her again. He began walking her backward toward the cottage as he continued answering between kisses...each kiss more intimate than the one before. "And that bed we haven't tried out yet...and your na-ked bo-dy next to mineâ€|"

"Oh, I see!...Well, you have quite an active mind, Commissioner," she giggled as he kissed her again.

"Mmhmm...So," Bo breathed by her ear, "what do you think? Want to join me?" He kissed her again...slow and lingering, deep and intimate...then let his hot mouth plant kisses under her ear and make a path down her neck. Her body trembled and she sighed.

"_That_ invitation is nearly impossible to refuse," she whispered.

"Then don't refuse...please don't refuse...say 'yes'."

Totally taken away by him, she ran her hands through his hair and breathed a nearly incoherent, "Yes."

"Hmmm? What was that, honey?" Bo murmured, nibbling her earlobe and slowly continuing his journey toward the cottage.

"Yesâ€|" she breathed, a little louder this time.

"I can't hear you...say it again," he teased softly, holding her close to him.

"Yes," she said, claiming his mouth with her own for another all-consuming kiss. Her body melted against his as their tongues tangled together each fighting for dominance. She wanted him, and their proximity let her know he was ready for her. Finally, pulling back, she breathed, "Let's go back to the cottage..."

"I've got a better idea, Red. Why waste this beautiful night?"

He released her and quickly pulled off his shirt. Laying it on the sand, he made a makeshift bed. Then he pulled her down with him and they undressed each other quickly. The crescent moon continued to smile over Bo's shoulder as they finally made love...in the dark...on the beach...their only music the sounds of their own sighs and the rolling Atlantic surf behind themâ€|

****Coming Up - **_**A Bed, A Bug, and a Backache**_**

****Chapter Three****

A Bed, A Bug, and a Backache****

Nora awoke the next morning trapped under Bo's leg, his arm thrown across her chest, and his warm breath in her ear. _Some things never change,_ she thought. _He always did take more than his share of the bed and the coversâ€| _Still...she couldn't help feeling at complete peace being trapped once again in his arms...in his life.

She turned to see his face as his soft breath fell on her cheek. Graying temples, shadow of a beard, silver hair on his chest...he was beautiful.

But reality was...her left side was going numb. She tried to wriggle free but couldn't, so she watched him sleep a little longer before lightly brushing his tousled hair off his forehead with her other hand.

"Bo?" she said softly. He slept on peacefully.

She took her fingertip and ran it gently across the ridge of his ear. He moaned, brushed it away with his hand, and continued to sleep onâ€|

_I could have some fun with this, _Nora thought grinning to herself. She took her finger and lightly touched his ear again. He brushed it away again. The finger returned...lightly treading the outside of his ear, then dipping ever so gently inward. She removed her hand quickly as Bo reached up to rub his ear. The finger returned, this time lightly touching his eyebrow then tracing the bridge of his nose. Bo rubbed his face vigorously before opening his eyes to find her innocent face just inches from his disgruntled one.

"Good morning," she said sweetly.

"Mmmm...would be if that damn fly would stay out of my faceâ€|" he murmured sleepily.

"Fly?" she asked innocently. "I've been awake for a little while now and I haven't seen any fliesâ€|"

"Well, there's one in here," he grumbled, "keeps crawling on my faceâ€|"

"Aww," she said sympathetically, "you mean like this?" she asked reaching up again to trace the top of his ear.

His eyes popped open. "You're bad," he mumbled.

She giggled. "And I'm also completely numb along my left side. You're pigging the bed. Scootch over a little."

"Can't...it's this mattress. It's not very supportive...I've been fighting it all night. Then when I was finally getting some _good _sleep, I had a 'fly' pestering me!" he said tugging her closer. She started laughing and then squealing as he tickled her and nuzzled her neck with his morning stubble.

"ENOUGH! STOP! ... BO BUCHANAN!"

"You could always dish it out but you can't take it!" he said continuing his quest while she continued to screech beneath him.

"This isn't even a fair fight! My left side is completely numb, I tell you! Now stop it!" she laughed, slapping his shoulder playfully.

He pinned her down so she was unable to move. She blew upward in an attempt to get hair out of her face.

"You finished fighting? Or do you want more?" he asked looking into her deep brown eyes. "Admit it...I'm the victor this time. Uncle? Say it...say 'Uncle'"

She tried to squirm but couldn't move.

"Uncle?" he asked again.

When she didn't reply, he shook his head. "You are sooo stubborn," he said as he began tickling her again.

"OKAY! OKAY! STOP!"

"UNCLE?" Bo repeated.

"UNCLE" she finally sighed, none too willingly.

"About time." Bo grinned, then kissed her. "That's your consolation prize. But, I win breakfast. You cook," he said pushing himself up to get off the mattress then pulling her out by the hand.

They stood next to the bed, Nora holding the bedpost as her tingling legs awoke. Bo shook his head.

"Look at that!"

They looked at the bed...the mattress bore a striking resemblance to a taco shell, dipping in the middle and high on both sides.

"My back will be killing me by the time this trip is over," Bo remarked.

Nora gave him a teasing look, "Well," she said, "we'll just have to perform some back rubs and...other activities...to keep that back limber, won't we?"

"I like your thinking, Red...so, when do we start?" he asked reaching to pull her into his arms again.

She avoided his grasp as she limped to the kitchen. "Later Mate, we have a boat to catch."

****Coming Up - _Bernie, Bait, and The Big One_****

****Chapter Four ~ **_**Bernie, Bait, and the Big One**_**

Eight o'clock found Bo and Nora decked in their fishing gear and squinting into the morning sun as they approached _Charlie's Bait Shop _at the pier. They were supposed to meet their guide at the shop so he could purchase live bait for their trip. Soon an older gentleman, tanned, with white hair and stubble, approached them.

"Ya'll wouldn't happen to be the Buchanans, would ya?" he asked in a gravelly voice looking at Bo.

"Yes, we are." Bo held out his hand. "I'm Bo Buchanan...and this is Nora."

"M'name's Bernie," the man said shaking both their hands. "I'm gonna be your fishing guide today. Glad ta meet ya. Looks like we're gonna have some good weather for fishin'," he said looking at the blue sky. "What exactly you folks wantin' to catch...got anything in mind?" he asked. "Seabass?, tuna?, marlin?â€|"

"Oh manâ€|," Bo interrupted, "Is blue marlin really a possibility?"

"Sure it's a possibility, but not a guarantee, of course. Them marlin...they got a mind of their own," Bernie said, shaking his head and grinning. "I can take ya to 'em and teach ya how, but the rest is up to yer skill and lady luck. But...if it's a marlin yer after, let's go on in to the bait shop here and we'll get what yer needin' to snag ya a marlin."

Bo grinned at Nora as they followed Bernie into the shop. "Did you hear that, Red? We're fishing for _marlin_. I can't even _believe_ this," he said like an excited schoolboy. Wait til I tell Hank."

* * *

><p>After buying the needed bait and supplies, they boarded Bernie's fishing boat, the Genevieve, where Bernie introduced them to his crew.

"This is my son, Albert. Al will be driving our boat today. And this here is Gus," he said indicating another crew member. "These here are the Buchanans, Bo and Noreneâ€|"

"Nora," she corrected, "Nice meeting you, Al...Gus..."

The men nodded and shook hands with both Bo and Nora before returning to their given jobs on deck.

It wasn't long before they were leaving the harbor for open seas. It would take a good forty-five minutes to reach their destination. Bernie spent the travel time explaining the art of marlin fishing to Bo and familiarizing him with the equipment. Nora took photos and video of the view, and was especially excited when she spotted a few dolphins.

"And that's about all I can tell ya about the fishin'...the rest you'll learn from experience. If yer lucky enough to snag one, the guys and I will do our best to help ya git 'im in the boat. They're

feisty sons of biâ€| he began, "oh, I beg yer pardon, Ma'am...I mean, they're feisty beastsâ€| She just smiled as Bernie continued telling Bo about the nature of the blue marlin.

Finally they reached their fishing destination fifty miles off the coast. Bernie told them their chances of seeing marlin were good since the fish use the Gulf Stream to migrate north as summer draws near. Bo got his rod and reel ready as Bernie had instructed and sat in the fighting chair to wait. Bernie went back to his work, wrapping up some rope on the boat's deck. Nora wandered about taking in the view...nothing but blue ocean as far as the eye could see. It made her feel very small.

Nora noticed the name _Genevieve _on the back and side of the boat and asked Bernie how the boat acquired her name.

"Named 'er after my wife," Bernie said.

Nora smiled. "That's so sweet! I'm sure your wife felt honored when you named your prized fishing boat after her. I would be. Does she ever come fishing with you?"

"Used to now and then. She learned to fish pretty well over the years. We were married sixty years when she passed on...just last fall it was that she died...had the cancer," Bernie said with a faraway look.

"I'm so sorry to hear that, Bernie," Nora responded quietly. "It must be hard to lose someone you've been with for sixty yearsâ€|I can't even imagine," she said remembering the agony she went through when she and Bo parted after seven.

Bernie nodded solemnly, "The love of my life, she was." He nodded toward Bo who patiently watched his fishing lines. "How long you two been married?"

"Well, actually, we're not. We're getting married in a few weeks...June first."

"Oh how nice!" he said making conversation. "Known each other long?"

"Yes we have, Bernie, aboutâ€|" Nora quickly calculated the years in her head, "eighteen years now," she said.

"Eighteen years! Ya mean to tell me you've been with this fella eighteen years and he's just now askin' to marry ya?! Ain't NO man worth that long a wait!"

Nora thought about telling him they had been married before and were getting remarried, but didn't want to explain the years between, so she didn't. Instead, she looked at Bo. The sea breeze whisking her hair and the glow in her eyes made her love for him evident in her face.

"This one is worth it," she said softly, glancing at the old man. "He's the love of my life, Bernie. You know what I mean, right?"

Bernie looked out over the blue then back at Nora. "Yes, I

do...that's exactly how I felt about my Ginny," he answered softly.

* * *

><p>The morning went quickly and without much action on Bo's lines. Nora sat beside him and he baited and rigged a rod for her too. Then they waited...and watched...and waited some more as fishermen do.<p>

They had sandwiches and beer that they had packed in a cooler for lunch which they graciously shared with Bernie, Gus, and Al who joined them for food and conversation. The men had a lifetime of fishing tales to share which were both exciting and entertaining.

As Bernie was relishing them with a tale of a swordfish, Bo's rod suddenly bent in half and the reel started spinning fast. Bernie jumped up.

"WHOA! LOOKS LIKE YA GOT ONE, MATE! SIT BACK NOW AND SNAP IN THAT ROD! HOLD FIRM! DON'T GIVE 'IM ANY SLACK!" Bernie shouted.

As Bernie was shouting, they saw a huge fish leap out of the water, then fall back in, thrashing with all it's might.

"YA GOTCHA A MARLIN ALRIGHT! REMEMBER EVERYTHING I TOLD YA NOW!," Bernie continued.

Bo sat back in the fighting chair and hooked the rod in tight. It took all the strength he had to hang on and also reel the catch in. The mighty marlin arced repeatedly over the waves trying to free itself. In the process it would pull the line and Bo would work hard once again to reel it back in.

"YA CAN'T LET UP!" Bernie yelled. "GOTTA KEEP A STEADY HOLD!"

Bo was beaded with sweat and straining with all his might to keep the fish from getting any slack on the line and to reel him closer to the boat. The marlin was not giving in without a hearty fight. Nora watched with wide eyes and mouth hanging open as she tried to videotape the moment.

The battle between Bo and fish raged for 45 minutes til the marlin was finally at the side of the boat. With little fight left in him, the mighty marlin sank under the surface. Bernie and the guys each used fishing gaffs to lift the massive fish into the boat. There were cheers and high fives, hearty slaps on the back, laughter and congratulations all around. Nora caught it all on video for Bo.

Finally he turned to face her wearing the biggest smile. "Come here, Red!" he shouted motioning with his arms. She immediately went to him, wrapping her arms around him as he pulled her close.

"Look at that beast!" he said, grinning ear-to-ear. "I'm going to get it mounted and hang it _right_ in the living room!"

"Uh...well...we'll decide where to put him later...okay? We'll talk about it...laterâ€|"

The crew laughed at Nora's reaction, but assured Bo it was typical.

"Well," Bernie said, beaming, "ya gonna try for another one?"

"Uh...no, Bernie. I don't think so. This one wore me out. I'm done for the day," replied Bo. "Let's get back to the docks and have him weighed and measured."

"Okay, then. You heard the man, Al...let's head back to shore."

* * *

><p>"How's that feel?" Nora asked quietly.<p>

"Mmmmm..." Bo murmured, "amazingâ€|"

They were back at the cottage, showered, and in bed, Nora straddling Bo's back massaging him with hot oils. She ran her hands over his shoulders, triceps, shoulder blades, then the base of his neck and down his back and sides. Her fingertips were magic and the oils so soothing. Bo found himself fighting sleep.

She oiled her hands again and continued. The slick, hot oil worked it's magic easing the aches and pains away. Her fingers felt so good upon him...if he wasn't so exhaustedâ€|.

She finished and, still straddling his back, laid her upper body upon him resting her head on his shoulder. "You awake?" she whispered near his ear.

"Barely," he whispered back. "Know what?..." he murmured sleepily.

Nora smiled and brushed his hair gently off his forehead. "What?" she questioned softly.

"I love you, Redâ€|" he whispered.

"I love you tooâ€|"

"If I wasn't so sore and tiredâ€|"

"I knowâ€|it's alright. But you owe me a back rub, Mister. Deal?"

Bo grinned. "You got it. Looking...forward to itâ€|" he murmured.

She nuzzled her face near his and whispered, "Can we at least seal the deal with a kiss, or... are you too sore for kissing?"

"Not...too...soreâ€|" He puckered slightly. She leaned close and kissed him gently.

"Goodnight sweetheart."

But Bo never answered...he was already out for the nightâ€|

****Coming Up - **_**Did You Say Ghosts?***_**

End
file.